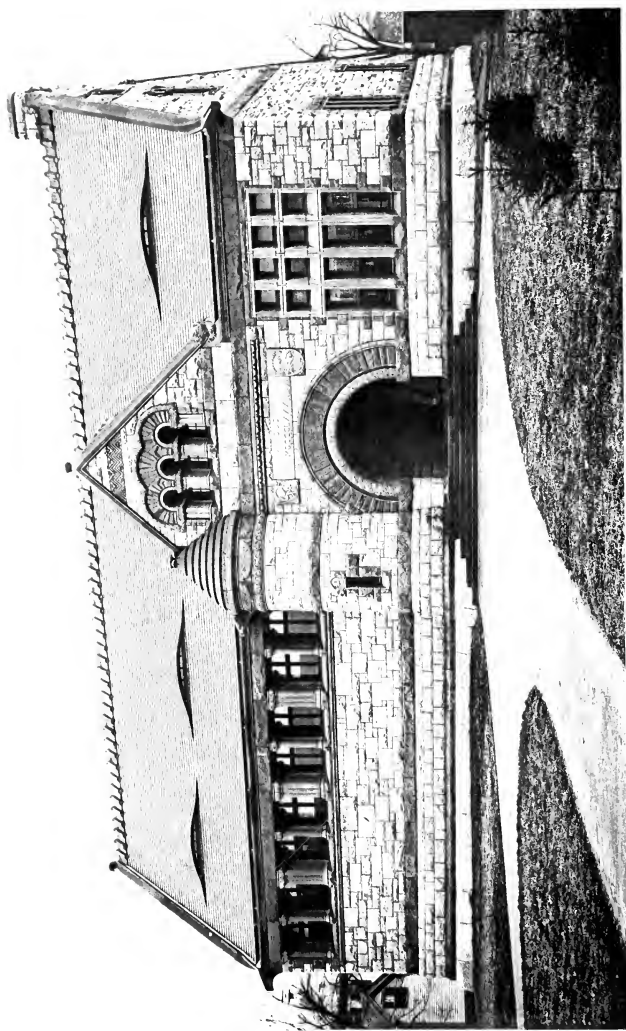


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ADDRESS AND PROCEEDINGS

At the Dedication

OF



THE CRANE MEMORIAL HALL.

ADDRESS

OF

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

AND

Proceedings at the Dedication

OF

AT QUINCY, MASS.,

MAY 30, 1882.

WITH HELIOTYPES.



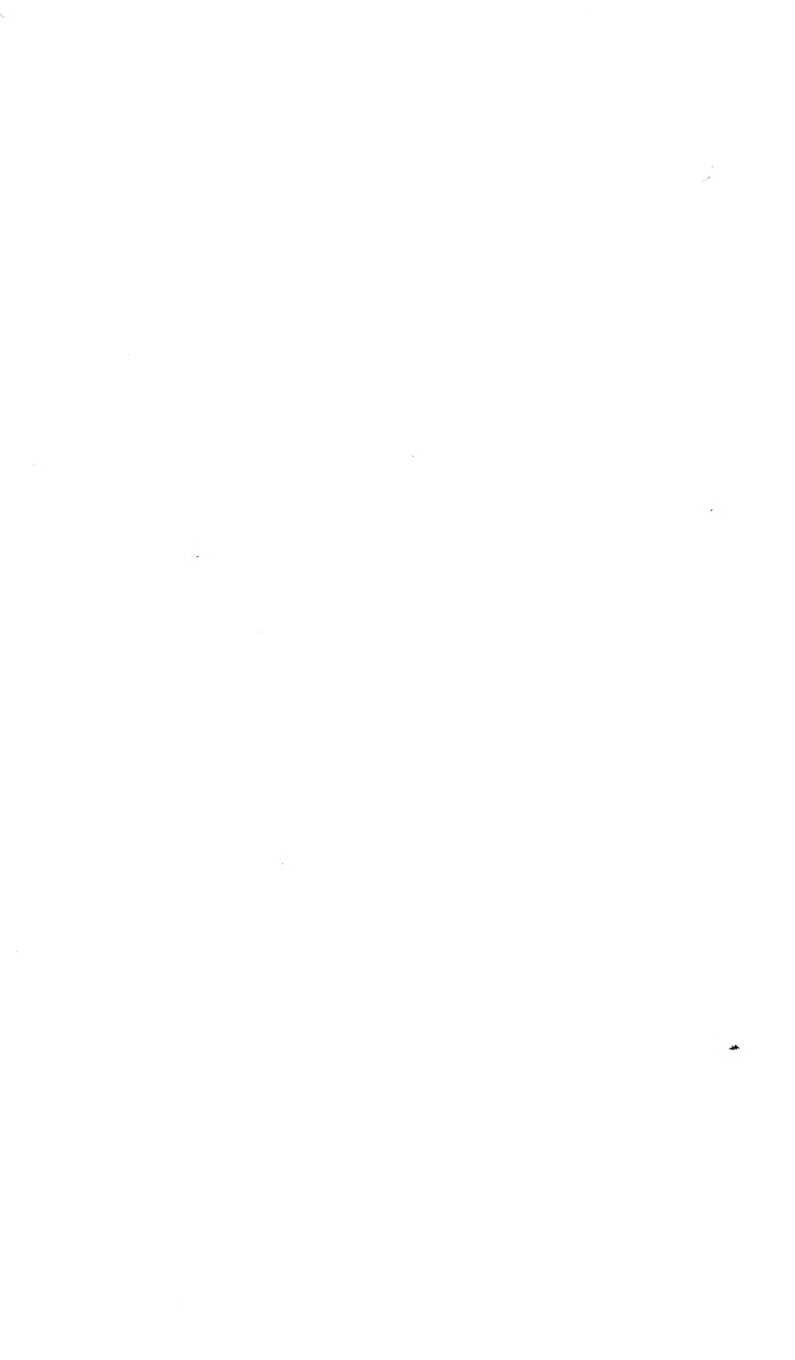
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BORN ON GEORGE'S ISLAND, IN BOSTON HARBOR, OCTOBER 18, 1803;

DIED IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1875.

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ADDRESS.



NEARLY two hundred and forty years ago, in the early days of Massachusetts and before Cromwell was yet Lord Protector, there came over to New England, among many others, a man named Henry Crane. Little is known of him except that, of English blood, he settled in Dorchester, and was the father of a numerous progeny. Six sons have perpetuated his name in many places throughout that continent which their common ancestor helped to occupy. The fifth of these six sons was born on the tenth of August, 1665, and was named Ebenezer.

In November, 1689, this Ebenezer Crane, being then twenty-four years of age, married Mary Tolman, a daughter of Thomas Tolman of Dorchester, and five years younger than himself. The Tolmans were always prominent in the annals of their town, and they yet live upon land which has been in the possession of the family since the settlement of the country. For over fifty years a Tolman was town clerk of Dorchester. Ebenezer Crane, however, was soon separated from his young wife; for, what with French and Indian wars, those were troubled times. Married in November 1689, in August 1690 his name is found in the muster-roll of a company of soldiers, seventy-five in all, who were enlisted in Milton and Dorchester, and sent out as part of the unfortunate Quebec expedition of 1690, under command of Sir William Phips. Of the two thousand men composing the land force of that expedition, only about two hundred were lost, but of those two hundred no less than forty-six, it is said, belonged to the Dorchester company. They may have been stricken with the small-pox, or they may have been in some vessel which foundered at sea, but

not the half of those who went forth ever returned. Ebenezer Crane was among the more fortunate twenty-nine who found their way back, and presently he moved over to the North Precinct of Braintree, as Quincy was then called. His death, in 1725, is, however, recorded in Milton.

Those were the days of patriarchal families. His father had ten children; Ebenezer Crane had twelve. Tenth among the twelve, and sixth among eight sons, was Thomas Crane, who, born in Braintree in 1710, married Deborah Owen, also of Braintree, or Quincy now, in 1732. He was twenty-two and she seventeen, and in the August following their marriage, three months before their first child was born, they were both admitted as members of the church here, the Rev. John Hancock, father of the patriot of a generation later, being then its pastor. Thomas and Deborah Crane had but five children, the third of whom, a son, was born on the 11th of September, 1737, and christened Joseph. Presently, in 1757, this Joseph Crane, being then twenty years of age, married Polly Savil, who was three years younger than himself; for early marriages, as well as large families, were then in vogue. The sixth child of this couple was a son, whom they called Thomas. Born in May, 1770, the second Thomas Crane, in November, 1796, married Sarah Baxter, a daughter of Daniel and Prudence Baxter of Quincy. They had six children. The third of the six was a son, born on the 18th of October, 1803, whom they named after his father; and it is to the memory of the Thomas Crane, thus born, third of the name and fifth in direct descent from the original Henry Crane, that this structure has been reared.

There is one thing very noticeable in tracing through a century and a half the descent of a genuine New England family like the Cranes. It is curious to see how pure the English blood was kept. The names are all English names, — Henry and Ebenezer and Joseph and Thomas. The mothers — Marys and Pollys and Sarahs, with one Prudence — are Tolmans and Savils and Baxters, standard Dorchester and Braintree names from the beginning, names with which the town records are full. There is no admixture of any foreign element. It is pure, old New England stock.

The Cranes were not rich. Indeed, before the year 1825 few New England people were rich, and the Cranes do not seem to have been at best more than well to do. They lived in the southern and western part of the town, and the homestead, which was standing until about ten years ago, passed into the hands of one of the older branches of the family. Though connected soon or late, by marriage, with almost every name familiar to the annals of Quincy, I cannot find that the Cranes were ever town officers, or deacons, or delegates to the General Court, or in any way prominent in local affairs. From generation to generation their lives were the usual lives of common hard-working New England yeomen; they were born, they married and had children, and presently they died. And these events, and these only, are recorded concerning them; unless, indeed, as in the case of Ebenezer Crane, at some time their names found a place on the muster-rolls of the French or the Indian or the Revolutionary war.

Such was the life of Thomas Crane, the father; born in 1770, just as the Revolutionary troubles were about to begin, and married in 1796, four years after the old North Precinct was set off from the town of Braintree and called Quincy. A few years after his marriage to Sarah Baxter this Thomas Crane left Quincy, and made his home for a time on George's Island, in Boston Bay, where Fort Warren was afterwards built and now stands. That island then belonged to one Caleb Rice, and contained about thirty-five acres of land, rising on the ocean side to a bluff some fifty feet above high-water mark. Not until 1825 did it pass into the hands of the city of Boston, and work on Fort Warren was begun in 1833. During the earliest years of the century, while Thomas Crane lived there, George's was a farm, and place to which stock was sent for keeping; and his house was also a house of call for such excursionists as, during the season in those earlier and simpler days, had occasion for a place of refreshment in the bay. Here, on the 18th of October, 1803, that son was born who, nearly seventy-two years later, on the 1st of April, 1875, died in the city of New York.

Thomas Crane the younger was a typical man. His career,

as you will presently see, was not in any respect dramatic. It affords no episodes to which a biographer, much less an orator, could skilfully lead up, and then dwell upon them, sure of the sympathy of his audience. He was merely a self-educated, self-made son of New England, well-intentioned and clear-headed, who, a youth, went out from his home into the great world and there amassed a fortune, preserving, amid all temptations, his New England birthright traits of simplicity, thrift, straightforward honesty and deep religious feeling. He did not infuse himself into great movements with which, becoming forever a part of them, he identified his career; on the contrary he was a quiet, domestic man, silent, strong and practical. Satisfied with the position he had won, and doing his honest day's work in it, he had no ambition for office or worldly distinction. Thomas Crane, therefore, does not stand forward and arrest attention as an imposing individuality; and it is the very fact that, being just what he was and doing what he did, he does not so stand forth,—it is this fact which makes him a typical, a representative man, a man whom it is well to commemorate. He represents almost ideally what was strongest and, upon the whole, best in that remarkable race of men to which he belonged.

It has been said very often, and with sufficient truth, that the three great staples of New England are ice and rocks and men. New England, since the year 1800, has indeed been for this continent what Asia once was for Europe, the nursery of nations. In its case the biblical injunction to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, has been strictly complied with; and there has gone forth from it a column, almost countless in number, of men and women of the pure English blood and the rough New England breeding, who have carried their native thrift and energy, and the social and political and religious teachings of their birthplace, through all the broad belt of country lying west of them, until they found themselves stopped by the waters of the Pacific. From Mason and Dixon's line on the South, to the great lakes on the North, they penetrated every nook and corner between the Falls of Niagara and the Golden Gate. They leavened the whole lump. It is

now safe to say that this New England race — this Greater Britain, as English writers have called it — is destined to play no small part in the future history, not of this continent, (in that the predominance of its part is already settled,) but no small part in the history of civilization itself. The future is theirs. Of this migrating column Thomas Crane was one. More than that, he was, and to the last remained, in his own person and character, representative of whatever was best and strongest and most individual in it. In commemorating here the individual, we also commemorate the mass.

Those who composed the great New England migration were the direct result of two centuries of the surroundings of others who had preceded and led up to them. They had been undergoing the educational process, — so to speak, they had been at school for two hundred years before they were born. Men and women of this native growth, they were then transplanted to a richer, a more generous soil. But though they changed their skies, they did not change their minds ; and where they went they carried New England with them. To understand the men, therefore, we must understand the surroundings amid which they grew up ; and, in the case of those who were born and educated before the year 1825, that — at any rate here in Quincy — is no longer an easy thing to do. The fact is — and it is none the less a fact because a singular and a startling one — that the Quincy of 1825 is further removed from us, than was the Quincy of 1825 from the Braintree North Precinct of 1660. The changes of the last sixty years have vastly exceeded those of the preceding century and a half. Born in 1803, and leaving his home in 1829, the younger Thomas Crane grew up in another world from that we live in, — a world remote to us, even though many who walk our streets still easily recall it. What, then, was that Quincy of the first quarter of the century ?

In 1829 the present order of things, in communities known as civilized, had not yet begun. In England a rough miner and self-educated mechanic was laboriously puzzling out the locomotive engine ; here, in Quincy, Gridley Bryant had three years before opened the original Granite Railway ; but not for

two years yet was the first Massachusetts railroad chartered ; not for nine years was the " Sirius " to cross the Atlantic ; not for fifteen years was the first telegraph wire to be strung. The world was in the stage-coach period. The steamboat had indeed been introduced, but it still took two or three days to go from Boston to New York ; and when, in 1826, John Quincy Adams hurried on from Washington to Quincy to his father's death-bed, he noted in his diary that, leaving Washington at five o'clock in the morning of the 9th of July, he heard of John Adams's death — which had occurred five days before — when he got to Baltimore, and he reached Boston at nine o'clock on the evening of the 12th. Travelling with all the haste he could, he had accomplished his journey in eighty-eight hours, or at an average speed of about five miles an hour. Ohio was then the West ; and the valley of the Mississippi, hardly entered upon by any one, had not yet seen the first indication of the coming inroad from New England.

Quincy in those days was very much what it had been from the beginning, — a sequestered New England country town, inhabited by a race of one blood and language, whose fathers had lived there before them in just the way they were living there then. It was a quiet, sleepy, conservative place. In 1803, when Thomas Crane was born, the entire population of the town did not exceed twelve hundred souls ; and when he moved away, twenty-six years later, it was but two thousand. They were all native Americans. There was not a foreign face to be seen or a foreign accent to be heard. The blood was pure English ; the names were all English ; but the education was not English. That was wholly of New England, — the education of the church, the tavern, the town-meeting, the training-field, and the common school.

As from the beginning, the town still clustered near the church, which indeed was the nucleus about which it had slowly grown up. The parish was the precinct. Unlike most of its sister towns, Quincy, however, even then boasted two religious societies : the original Puritan congregational parish, the established church of town and state ; and the Episcopal church, which had been planted here a whole century before.

No other denominational society had yet organized itself, nor was any other organized until 1832 ; and in 1828, as nearly as can be ascertained, the Mass had never yet been celebrated in Quincy.

The meeting-house, that which was in fact the single and common place of worship, stood upon the village green and training-ground, close to where this edifice now is. The old wooden structure, the walls of which had then sheltered, and within which in winter had shivered, three generations of his forefathers, was removed the year before Thomas Crane left the town. Close to its entrance up to the last had stood the horse-block, just as it had stood there from the beginning ; and all about it on the Sabbath were hitched the rude carriages and wagons which had brought the congregation from their homes. In that dull, monotonous life, the going to church was the event of the week, and the gossip of the meeting-house and the discourses of the ministers were the staple intellectual nutriment. They supplied the place, so far as the place was supplied, of lectures and concerts and newspapers and current literature now.

Long before Thomas Crane was born, however, the old Puritan theological heat had burnt itself out in Quincy, and the doctrine preached from the pulpit here was then hardly a living one. It did not take hold of the people. They went to meeting because their fathers had gone there and they had been brought up to it, and because it made a break in the week ; but as a living and guiding force the pulpit had in Quincy ceased to make itself felt. It was a fading tradition. Nor did the sister Episcopal church fill the seat thus vacated. On the contrary, always and everywhere an exotic in New England, that church here was then in a state of utter decrepitude. The life hardly lingered in it, and it had none to impart. Those who thirsted could not hope to quench their thirst from that source. The church edifice stood in its little burying-ground, — the old churchyard after the English wont, — but within its walls, during the first quarter of the century, hardly more life stirred than stirred within the graves which surrounded it. In silence its pulpit awaited a later revival.

As there was in reality but one church, so also there was but one school in the town. There was no West Quincy, or Atlantic, or Wollaston, or even South Quincy or Quincy Point then, — outlying districts of the town as large as the town itself. Atlantic was known as the Farms, Wollaston was a cow-pasture, West Quincy a wilderness called the Woods, Quincy Point a region designated as the Old Fields, which until 1812 had no road through it, or any connection with the country beyond the Fore-river. Thomas Crane, the father, lived near a creek leading out of that river, and which still bears his name; but during his life his farm never had a public way through it. It lay by itself, as did the farms about it, — outside, as it were, even of the little Quincy world, and secluded from it.

Thus there was then small occasion for great school-houses in all sections of the town, for there were not many children to occupy them. None the less, while the voters annually appropriated from \$400, in 1804, to \$700, in 1828, to a single grammar school at the centre, they also voted sums, varying from \$5 to \$120, to each of the outlying districts to provide for the summer education of its youth. The simple building, which served both as a town-hall and as a central school-house, until the last day of the year 1815, was placed on the unfenced training-ground, facing the Plymouth road. Then destroyed by fire, the better building, which in 1817 succeeded it, cost but the modest sum of \$2100. That building stood on the southern verge of the little cemetery opposite, or graveyard as it was most properly called, for a yard indeed it was. Our fathers were not a sentimental race. There was no Decoration Day then. That little graveyard held the ashes of six generations of villagers, — the rude forefathers of the hamlet, — but until 1809 it stood unfenced and uncared for by the roadside, a thoroughfare and a common in which cattle grazed among tombstones and lay between graves.

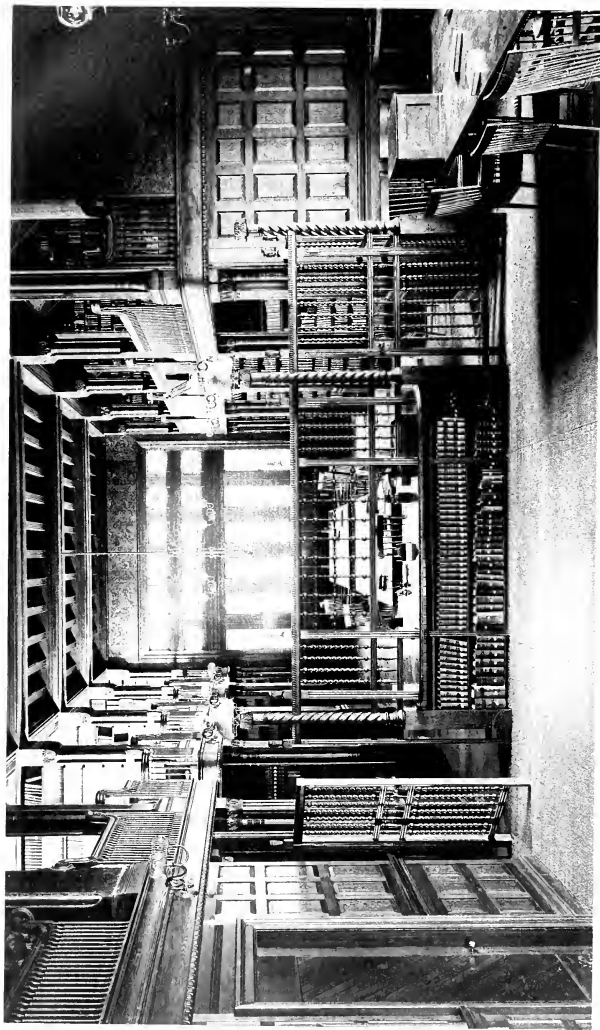
Thomas Crane, however, had to do with the school-house in Quincy, and not with the graveyard upon which the windows of that school-house looked. During the first quarter of the century, though there was but a single school-house in the

town, that single school-house after a fashion sufficed for existing needs. Some children had indeed to walk several miles a day,—the Crane children at least four miles; but they were sturdy country boys and girls, and it does not appear that they or others were the worse for it; the probabilities, on the contrary, are that they were a good deal the better. Within the school-house, when they got there, were gathered, during the winter months, all the children of the town, 204 scholars, as the Committee reported in 1820; of whom 79—among them doubtless young Thomas Crane—belonged to the cyphering-school, so called. It was no cause for wonder, therefore, that the Committee further reported that the “room was so much crowded that the scholars were obliged to wait one for the other for seats, notwithstanding the master gave up his desk, and used every other means in his power to accommodate them.” To remedy this evil the Committee then went on to submit a plan for certain alterations, at an estimated cost of \$200, by which 250 scholars were to be brought together in one room and under one master, “with an assistant when necessary.” This, remember, was in Quincy in the year 1820. Two hundred and fifty children in one room, crowded into “seats calculated to accommodate two scholars when writing, and three when they are not writing”! Such, in the better class of towns, was the New England country schooling during the first quarter of the century. Such was the only schooling young Thomas Crane ever had.

In this common room were gathered children of all ages, from the overgrown lad, already a man, to the little girl learning her letters; and during a portion of the school-days of young Crane that room must have been presided over by Master William Seaver, whose name is as deeply cut in the educational annals of Quincy as, according to all tradition, the rod he so freely used, after the fashion of his time, cut into the backs of his refractory pupils. If the use of the rod would indeed have saved the child, not many of the youth of Quincy, between 1812 and 1830, ought in life to have gone astray. None the less it should be added that his old pupils always retained a kindly feeling towards Master Seaver, who taught

here for twenty-eight years, and saw the old system go out and the new system come in. Up to 1829, however, the primitive New England system was wholly unreformed. The great logs of wood blazed in open fireplaces at both ends of the unpainted, barrack-like room, while the children were crowded on rude settles which might have been handed down from the pre-Revolutionary period, so hacked and disfigured were they by the jack-knives of succeeding generations of boys.

The entire school appropriation for 1803 was but \$430, and in 1829 it had only risen to \$1,400, of which Master Seaver received \$500 as salary. These sums seem to us small sums, and they were small; yet they were all the town could afford. The people then were poor and few. In the election of 1803 there were but 87 votes cast, and in 1828 only 123; the latter was a Presidential election, also, and a citizen of Quincy was one of the candidates. The election of 1828, it is true, was not warmly contested in Massachusetts,—the vote of Quincy, for instance, being nearly unanimous; but the largest vote ever cast in the town before 1830 was but 217. Poor as they were few, these people were economical because they had to be economical. A saving thrift was ground into them by their necessities. In public as in private every cent of outgo had to be watched. In the houses wheaten bread was a luxury rarely seen. Cornmeal was the staple of life; molasses was the condiment; the barrel of salted meat was the stand-by. But the public expenditures will perhaps afford the best scale of comparison. In 1810, when Thomas Crane, the father, moved up to Quincy Point from George's Island, the entire appropriation made by Quincy for public purposes—and those purposes included the parish as well as the town—was but \$3,200, or \$2.50 on the average to an inhabitant. In 1829, when Thomas Crane, the son, went to New York, and when the parish had been separated from the town, the appropriation was \$3,500, or \$1.75 to an inhabitant; it is now about \$12 to an inhabitant. The instruction then afforded in the public schools was, perhaps, not of the best, when judged by present standards; but in 1827 it cost the town exactly \$3.00 a year for each child taught, in-



VIEW OF INTERIOR (North End).

stead of over \$16 in 1880. In 1814 a report was made on the maintenance of the poor; and the average cost of it in three neighboring towns was stated at 83 cents per week for each pauper. Such were the simplicity and economy of that period as compared with this. The poor were no poorer than now; that they could not be. Comparatively, however, they were far more numerous, and actually no one was rich.

But the community was not poor only; it was wholly without what would now be called appliances. Those composing it had houses and rude tools and unproductive land; that was about all. As a community it was, as we would consider, cut completely off from active communication with the world outside, and thrown back upon itself; while within itself little was to be found in the way of intellectual nutriment beyond dry husks. There was no Public Library, no Adams Academy, no High School in the town;—as we have seen, not even a public graded school. President John Adams, keenly recalling the hard, up-hill struggle of his own youth, had indeed, in 1822, given to Quincy that library of his own, which now at last, after sixty years of wandering and neglect, finds a fitting resting place in the alcoves of the Crane Memorial Hall; but the books in that library were neither accessible, nor adapted to the needs of a country boy craving knowledge. In the village there was a private association which owned a few of the books of the day, and to this young Thomas Crane was a subscriber. Doubtless he mastered the little store of learning thus made accessible; but I cannot find that in the house of Thomas Crane, the father, though he was a man, for those times, well to do, there was a single book for his children to read or learn from, except the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. Neither did the modern newspaper then exist. Take up any one of half a dozen Boston papers now daily spread broadcast over the town, and it is an education in itself; the world of to-day, intellectual, political, social, geographical, is condensed and photographed in its columns. Everything is there popularized and brought within easy reach of the poorest. Then go back and examine, in the files of the Thomas Crane Library, a newspaper of the year when young Crane left Quincy.

It is not the same thing ; it is scarcely even a suggestion of it. For sale nowhere, sent only to subscribers, it is the newspaper of the politician, the merchant and the professional man,—and very poor and meagre at that. There is nothing popular or instructive about it. It was not meant for the million, and it never reached them. The people's newspaper was, in 1829, yet to be invented. So also of correspondence. Beyond the narrow circle of the educated gentry it was an unknown art. A post-office had indeed existed in Quincy since 1795 ; and during the youth of Thomas Crane it found an abiding-place in the building which stood where the former Hancock House now stands, and there it remained for six-and-thirty years. Even I can remember when post-office and tap-room were one, and the thin mail-bag was flung on the whiskey-reeking bar, over which its contents were presently distributed. Before 1829, however, mails were infrequent, and the rates of postage enormous, and no letter or paper ever reached remote families like the Cranes. They lived, perforce, in and by themselves.

Such was Quincy ; such was the ordinary New England country town at the time the New England column began to move. The surroundings were hard. Those who broke their way successfully through them did so by virtue of sheer, native strength. Thomas Crane the younger did this. It was no inconsiderable thing to do ; and because he did it, and did it successfully, his Memorial Building stands here in his native town to-day. Here it was that he passed his youth ; here it was that he developed into manhood ; here he received those impressions which shaped his riper character. That the circumstances were especially favorable, or his surroundings altogether good, no one will maintain who has made a study of them. We are altogether too much disposed, in looking back on the successful careers of the rough-hewn, self-taught men of that generation, to see only the Arcadian character of the earlier times. We are apt to assume that at least they began life with simpler, purer, more patriarchal and virtuous surroundings than the present,—that they were not subjected to our temptations, even if they did not enjoy our advantages.

This is all false. It was a rugged, stubborn, gnarly race, that of New England which I have endeavored to portray, — accustomed to self-care and self-rule, laborious, thrifty, money-saving ; but, judged by our standards, those composing it were far from refined, and neither abstemious nor self-contained. They were harsh rather than virtuous ; more austere than moral. They had their besetting sins.

Chief among these besetting sins was intemperance. I have already named the tavern as being — with the church, the town-meeting and the public school — one of the educational influences of the earlier period. Few who have not studied deeply the history of that period have any conception what a part in it the tavern played. It was the rough club-house and political debating school, — the predecessor of the caucus and the ward-room ; it was also to many — to altogether too many — the yawning gateway of Hell. Rum was the bane of New England ; and it remained the bane of those who went forth from New England. John Adams, writing in his diary in 1796, exclaimed, in view of what he then saw going on among the workmen on his farm : “If the ancients drank wine as our people drink rum and cider, it is no wonder we read of so many possessed with devils ;” and as late as 1841 the town of Quincy voted to give its alms-house paupers “a temperate use of ardent spirits when they work on the road or farm.” No man, however, had a chance for success in life who did not keep himself free from this curse ; and of those who went out from New England to seek their fortunes, it is safe to say that rum ruined, body and soul, the vast majority. In 1825 that temperance movement, which has since wrought such a wonder of reform for New England, had not begun to make itself felt ; and, indeed, the first of those societies which, in the strong language of the day, were to prevent Americans from becoming “a community of drunkards,” was not organized in Boston until a year later, in 1826. The road young Crane had to tread was, therefore, not a safe one. It was, on the contrary, dangerously beset ; and, like all the rest, he had only himself to rely on.

There was but one real safeguard against the danger. It

was found in the simple morals and strong religious feeling which prevailed at so many hearthstones. Those who went forth thus shielded were saved ; the rest were lost. The harsh general tone of the church and the magistrate counted for little that was good ; indeed, it led rather to a greater license in reaction. It was the innate or cultivated moral sense and religious quickening which saved. Fortunately for Thomas Crane, with an apparently native self-respect, he also had from an early age a strong religious tendency. Whence he derived it cannot be ascertained, for, as I have already intimated, Quincy was not a town remarkable for its theological fervor. The strong, sulphurous doctrines which gave its moral force to Calvinism certainly were not heard from the Rev. Peter Whitney's pulpit. At home young Crane had no peculiar advantages. The religious yearning was there, however, and as he grew to man's estate he was conscious that it was not satisfied in Quincy. His father had died in 1818, not yet forty-nine. Though a substantial farmer and a man well off for the times, he left a wife and six children to divide his small estate, — the oldest of the children being not yet of age, while young Thomas was only fifteen. A strong, robust, well-knit lad, the choice of a means of earning his living was before him. He could not well be a lawyer, a minister, or a doctor, — a member of one of the three learned professions as they were called. He had not the education, nor had he the means or time to get it. He must earn his bread at once ; and he might make shoes, or work on a farm, or cut stone to do it. He tried his hand at shoe-making for awhile, but the confinement injured his health ; and fortunately for him, fortunately for his native town, the lad's natural inclinations then carried him to the more robust, the harder calling. He became a stone-cutter, and as a journeyman learned his trade.

It was now, during those most dangerous years of life which end youth and precede maturity, — the period of false and callow manhood, — it was during these years that young Crane's religious sense began to stir and befriend him. In his case it was simply the form which intellectual quickening took. The boy had a head of his own, and a brain that worked. Had

he lived later he would probably have taken to some one of those schools of philosophy and thought which have, with such regular recurrence, marked the periods of the century. He would have got the intellectual food he craved by following Bentham or Mill or Carlyle or Spenser, or possibly Emerson or Parker. He was, however, either beyond their reach or before their time; and so his brain-hunger turned on the only thing at hand, — the Bible and religion, the old New England stand-bys.

Eastern Massachusetts was at this time in something of a religious ferment. Universalism, the most liberal creed of the day, was striking its roots into the soil. Murray and Ballou were at the height of their fame; their tracts were distributed broadcast; large meetings were being held in all the towns. I do not know that this revival reached in any active form the quiescent village of Quincy, but if the seed which fell here fell mainly in stony places, some of it at least came in the path of Thomas Crane, and bore fruit an hundred-fold. Father Hosea Ballou, as he was affectionately called, then preached to a congregation which met in School Street, in Boston. However or wherever he first heard him, in listening to Mr. Ballou the young Quincy stone-cutter now found that nutriment he craved. He could get to hear him but in one way. There were no public Sunday conveyances then; a journeyman stone-cutter could not afford to indulge in horse or wagon; the distance from Quincy Point to School Street was ten good miles. Young Crane walked them. A religious feeling strong enough to induce a man hardly more than a boy to tramp twenty miles of a Sunday to listen to his favorite preacher, was worth something. He who did it had the making of something in him. If more of those who, during the first forty years of the century, left Quincy to seek their fortunes, had felt moved to do as much, not so many of them would at a later day have disappeared in failure.

Years passed on. Having mastered his calling as a stone-cutter, the young man began to look abroad from Quincy for a wider field. He had no money, no connections, not much education; his capital was simply a strong healthy body, a

clear head, and his skill as a stone-cutter. With these, backed by frugal, temperate, honest habits, he, in 1829, went out into the world. It was a good stock in trade. No connections, no opening before him ready made to his hand, carried him to New York. He went there just as thousands and hundreds of thousands, first and last, have gone there, — a young man seeking his fortune, a workman in search of work. He went there just as Quincy boys have gone there before and since ; and just as they are going there and elsewhere now. His elder brother had preceded him and was already in New York ; and the way they met is a curious illustration of how different those days were from these, and how few and little used the means of communication were. Though both were in New York, neither of the two brothers knew where the other was, and they finally met on the steps of the Universalist church, either in Prince or Duane Street, to which, doubtless, Thomas Crane had found his way on the first Sabbath after his arrival in the strange city.

There, however, at twenty-six years of age, he was, in the place thenceforward to be his home. Instead of looking aimlessly about for short-cuts to fortune, he went to work at once at his trade, and began to earn day wages hammering stone. At that time, and during the next few years, several attempts were made by associations of journeyman stone-cutters to start yards in New York upon a co-operative plan. With one of these, on the east side of the city, the new-comer from Quincy presently identified himself. His, however, was too active a mind, and he had too large a brain, to permit him long to remain a journeyman, and as early as 1835 he was a master workman ; already he had enrolled himself among the captains of industry.

It was forty-seven years after he went to New York that Thomas Crane died, — nearly half a century ; and it was a half century of such general growth and development as the world had not before seen. In 1829 it was but four years since Governor De Witt Clinton had opened to navigation the Erie Canal. When it was thus for the first time brought in direct communication with the great lakes, New York was a city of

less than 200,000 inhabitants. In 1831 the first link of what is now the New York Central Railroad was opened to travel. In 1844 the telegraph went into operation. Of more immediate concern to Thomas Crane, however, was that great fire which broke out in New York on the 16th of December, 1835, and which, burning for three whole days, laid in ruins the busiest parts of the town. All these events, and especially the last, had a direct bearing on his fortunes. The canal, the railroad, the telegraph and the fire combined to make out of the quiet city of 1829 the bustling metropolis of to-day. New York, as we see it, was to be built, and it was Thomas Crane's work in life to help supply the granite with which to build it. His opportunity was there, and he availed himself of it. Not much more can be said of any man. To be equal to the occasion in life when it presents itself makes human success. During nearly thirty years of as active construction as any great city ever saw, there were few buildings of magnitude erected in New York, in which granite was used, to which Thomas Crane did not contribute, and which did not contribute to him.

At a very early day he began to buy out his associates in the stone-yard. It was the old story. They were impatient and improvident ; they chafed at delay and the slow movement of things ; they saw, or thought they saw, better chances elsewhere. So they made short-cuts to fortune, and doubtless remained poor all their lives. One by one they sold their interests to the clearer-headed, more patient man, who was strong enough to bide his time. It was simply another case of the survival of the fittest. Solid judgment, shrewd honesty and temperate habits did the work. Among them all Thomas Crane was the fittest to survive, in that he had most of these qualities ; and accordingly survive the rest he did. Worldly prosperity soon flowed in upon him. Literally, he built his house upon a rock. Granite, not speculation, was at the foundation of his fortune. He made his contracts, ever growing larger and larger ; he increased the size of his yards, and bought new ones. More and more stone came to them from the quarries here at Quincy and at Millstone Point. A larger

number of workmen handled his tools. In 1837, when the great financial storm burst, he suffered with the rest. He did not, however, succumb. Once that crisis was weathered, he stood firm on his feet ; and he was firm on them all the rest of his life. The way grew clear. The prodigious growth of New York was now impending, and he was one of those sagacious enough to foresee it. His stone-yards and his granite contracts became henceforth only the basis of his growing prosperity. He bought lands in the path of the city's development, and it grew up to them and overran them. It overran his stone-yards. Thus his wealth increased with the wealth of New York, and enlarged and took new directions, under the guidance always of that same clean-cut business judgment. He was a bank director, an insurance-company director, a street-railway director, a man of note on 'Change. Long before his death his measure of success in a business walk was full, and beyond that his ambition did not go. As I have already said, he did not care for outward worldly distinction. Had he cared for it, with his strong judgment and shrewd common-sense, he would probably have worked his way to high office in the State ; for he was one of that class of men who are less often seen than wanted in the Senate Chamber and the Cabinet. I never met Mr. Crane, and can therefore speak of him only from the report of others. But I do, from personal contact, know something of those who in recent years have played prominent parts in many public events ; and I do not hesitate to say that the qualities which Mr. Crane possessed, and which led to the measure of success he coveted, are those qualities which also win success in the other and more showy walks of life, but which also, in those who essay to tread those walks, are not infrequently conspicuous for their absence. Had fortune or inclination called Thomas Crane to the position, he would have administered a department of the national government with the same good judgment and success with which he managed his stone-yard. The qualities were all there ; it was the occasion and the call which were wanting.

The man's ambition did not turn that way. His tastes were domestic ; his devotion was to his calling. Not that he lacked

public spirit, or was indifferent to the great questions of the day. On the contrary, he carried out with him the teachings of his New England home, and never forgot them. The church to which he belonged, and of which he was long a trustee, — the old Orchard Street Church, as it was familiarly called, under the pastorate of Mr. Crane's intimate personal friend, Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, — this church, well known throughout New York and the Universalist denomination, had in it a strong New England leaven. Prominent among its members was Horace Greeley, and with him and his teachings Mr. Crane deeply sympathized. The nature of his political affiliations may be inferred from the name of a son born to him in 1850, and whose premature and sudden death in 1869 fell upon the father with a crushing blow; this son the father christened after Mr. Greeley's great political chieftain, — the man who may be said to have embodied in himself the Whig party, — Henry Clay. But it was during the Antislavery struggle that Mr. Crane found himself most strongly drawn to Greeley and the "Tribune." He felt then deeply, and went all lengths. To be an Antislavery man in New York City before 1861 was not popular. Thomas Crane, however, sold his granite, not his political principles; and a zealous, outspoken Antislavery man he remained from the beginning to the bitter end.

Not that he took an active part in city politics. On the contrary, he was one of a minority there, in numbers contemptible. More than that, he belonged to a class of men who, to the great misfortune of the city and the country, were long since driven out of New York city politics or made powerless in it. It was in his church and denomination that his public spirit found its freest expression. He was a pillar of the Universalist cause, and the treasurer and financial manager of its Relief Association. Later, when the leaders of the Universalist denomination founded Tufts College, he was a subscriber to its funds, and he held the position of one of its trustees from the time it was organized until he died. Indeed, his death, it is said, was hastened by the fatigue of a journey made in declining health to attend to his duties in connection with it. Of its library also he was a benefactor.

Of Mr. Crane's other and private life through those forty-six years after he left Quincy, it remains to speak. It was not uncheckered, though in the main a happy one. Three years after going to New York, in 1832, he married Sarah S. Munn, of Gill, in Connecticut, — the first of his race to marry a woman not Massachusetts born. The following summer he was a childless widower, his young wife having been swept away in her twenty-first year, hardly more than a girl, one of the earliest victims of the cholera when it scourged New York in 1833. A little more than three years later, in November, 1836, he married Clarissa Lawrence Starkey, of Troy, in New Hampshire, who was to remain his wife for nine and thirty years, and be the mother of his eight children. It is she who now, in conjunction with two surviving sons, erects this monument to the memory of the husband and the father.

Having his home always in New York, a portion of Mr. Crane's summers for many years was passed in Quincy, and to Quincy he paid frequent visits to the end. It was characteristic of the man that he never outgrew his feeling for the place. He loved to come back to the surroundings and friends of his boyhood. He was fond of the water, and liked when down in the bay to land on George's Island, revisiting his birthplace and the scene of his first recollections, for when his father moved across to the mainland he was already a boy of seven. It all seemed to recall the glad confidence of life's morning. Even after he had purchased that rocky country seat at Stamford, the gradual transformation of which into a garden became one of the great pleasures of his later years, Quincy Point still retained its hold upon him. His tastes, too, were simple. A homeish man, he cared nothing for display, and to the end retained the habits of his youth. His greatest trial was the loss of children; for, a deeply affectionate father, he had four daughters born to him, not one of whom survived the years of infancy. Two sons also he lost, who had grown to man's estate. Thus Thomas Crane passed from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, — an active business-man, a public-spirited citizen, a devoted husband, a loving and a sorrowing father. At last, when for nearly two years he had passed the age allotted to

man, after a short decline, the long, well-spent, successful life drew to its close. On the first day of April, 1875, he quietly died in his own bed and among his own people.

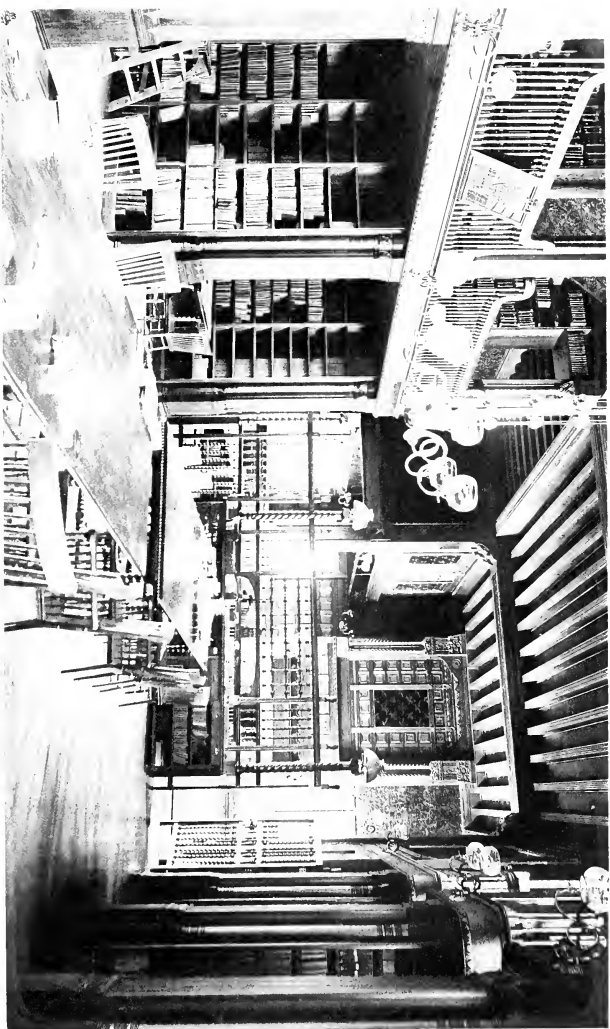
Here in Quincy his monument stands and will stand, and here it is fit and proper it should stand; here, if he could have been consulted, he would most have wished to have it stand. It stands close by the familiar way over which, with brothers and sisters, he walked as a boy to the village school close by, — the way which, a young man, he trod as he went to that church in the city where he heard God's word as he needed it, — the way which, later, when he returned to his birthplace in the full tide of mature and successful life, carried him back to those places he loved so well, in which his youth had been passed. Quincy was to him always a haven of rest and refreshment. It was to Quincy that he liked to go back from the noise and bustle and dust of the great city; it was in Quincy that he would most have wished to be remembered. And he will be remembered here. His name, written as it were in water where he lived and did his work, will now long be in Quincy a household word. And it is right also that it should be so; for, take him for all in all, Thomas Crane stands easily first to-day among the many children Quincy has contributed to the great New England migration. He was the most shining example of those qualities of intelligence, energy, persistence, honesty, temperance and God-fearing morality which made that New England migration the force it was and the yet greater force it is destined to be. As the most shining example that this town produced, it is therefore fit and proper that his monument, reared by pious hands, should stand here by the roadside, a conspicuous memorial for coming generations. As I said when I began, I repeat now, — it is more, far more, than a monument to an individual. There is a sermon to the young in its every stone. It stands as a reminder of those sterling, homely qualities (qualities which all possess, and yet so few know how to utilize) which made him — whose name the building bears and whose effigy, carved by the hand of genius, looks down from its walls — the man he was. It is no monument of human greatness, of conquests and brilliant deeds. For the mass of those

who shall enter its doors it is better, much better than that. Not all men can be great; and the ways of greatness are not the ways of happiness. We can, however, all be temperate; we can be industrious; we can be patient and persevering; we can cleave to that which is true and honest and of good repute. All this Thomas Crane did; and because he did it he achieved success and happiness in life, and his monument stands here to-day, — the monument of a son of whom his birthplace may well be proud, and whose name her children will long hold in close remembrance.

To each civilization there belongs its special modes of commemorating the dead. As you pass out of the gate of San Sebastiano at Rome, and follow the famous Appian Way, at a distance of two miles or so from the city walls you pass the famous tomb of Cecilia Metella, built of great blocks of hewn stone, securely set on a vast and solid foundation. The dearly beloved wife of a great Roman patrician, her husband erected that sombre, dreary mausoleum to protect forever her ashes, while it perpetuated the memory of her name and of her virtues. There it has stood for nearly twenty centuries; and there to-day it stands, an empty memorial of a buried past, useful, in its massive ugliness, not even to the dead.

"Thus much alone we know, — Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride!"

Now let us turn to what Tennyson has called "the gray metropolis of the North," the ancient city of Edinburgh. There, close to where was Kirk-a-Fields, may be seen a quaint quadrangular building standing by itself, and known as George Heriot's Hospital. It is a school made familiar to all through the pages of Walter Scott, founded by the goldsmith of James I. of England, who in 1603 followed his master from Edinburgh to London, and there amassed great wealth. Dying twenty years later, his thoughts reverted to his native city; and, after making full provision for such relatives as he had, he left the residue of his fortune to found a school in which the children of Edinburgh freemen should be brought up and taught. For two centuries and a half George Heriot's Hospital has made its founder's name a household word in the city of his birth.



VIEW OF INTERIOR (South End).



Here in New England, fortunately for us, our monuments to the noted dead — the memorials erected to perpetuate their memories — partake rather of the cheerful, useful character of George Heriot's Hospital, than of the sterile majesty of Cecilia's tomb. Through our schools, our libraries, our churches and our college halls those gone before are remembered. In this very region, once known as Braintree, of which Quincy was a part until eleven years before Thomas Crane was born, — in this very region, now divided into four separate towns, there are to-day four public libraries, three seminary endowments and a church which preserve the memories of their founders, or of those in whose name they were founded. "Being dead he yet speaketh." Those words should be cut deep over the portal of each of these buildings. The mortal remains of the founders — those of Thomas Crane, as of John Adams and Sylvanus Thayer — moulder in the dust. No monument, for aught we know or they would care, protects them, and long since they have dissolved into their elements. Their work goes on.

Neither can I now see any reason why this building, in itself an education in art, should not stand here as long as George Heriot's Hospital has stood, or shall stand, in Edinburgh. The lapse of two centuries will but soften and lend charm to its symmetry; and I can well imagine, that when the twenty-first century is growing old, and Quincy, a city in itself, shall be part of the greater city covering all the shore of the bay, — I can well imagine that then, amid a wealth and population and knowledge and art such as we cannot imagine, strangers will pause in the crowded street to look with delight at the quiet, vine-covered Memorial Hall, standing by itself against a background of trees. They will ask its history and its meaning; and just as the name of George Heriot, the Edinburgh goldsmith, comes to us with a remote, far-away echo, — laden as it were with memories centuries old, — so I fancy may then the name of Thomas Crane, the Quincy stone-cutter, come to them. It may speak of a by-gone civilization, — our present, then become their past, unreal and quaint and primitive; but in Quincy, as in Edinburgh, the name of the benefactor will be familiar in the mouths of the children.

NOTE.

IN the foregoing address I say that it was never my good fortune to come personally in contact with Mr. Crane. I can speak of him only from the report of many persons who knew him well at various periods and in all relations of life. In preparing this sketch of him and of what he did, which it has seemed to me — from its connection with the man, and the building and institution which bear his name — may have an enduring interest, I have intended to spare no effort to describe him as he was. I could, however, only see Mr. Crane as others reported him, and was unable to give that strong reality to my presentment which can be derived from direct observation alone. It has accordingly seemed to me desirable that, in what is intended as a personal memorial, there should something appear which shall record the impression Mr. Crane made upon those who had met him in his family and daily life. In the following letter he is described as it was not in my power to describe him.

C. F. A., Jr.

BOSTON, 17 May, 1882.

DEAR SIR, — In compliance with your request, I am glad to state my impressions of the personal appearance, life and character of the late Thomas Crane.

Mr. Crane was a man of strong and distinct presence. His figure was muscular and well set, of the medium height, with broad shoulders.

The hair and beard, at the time of my acquaintance with him, were white and abundant, — the complexion somewhat florid.

His forehead was wide and high, — the nose aquiline: the eyes were clear, full and of a bluish gray. The glance was keen, yet straightforward and sincere, with often an expression of the kindest humor.

It might be fairly said that his face did not so much invite confidence as inspire it. He always struck me as possessing real solidity of judgment.

Although relying firmly upon his own conclusions, and very persistent in carrying them to practical results, he was notably modest in statement, — indeed, quiet and unobtrusive in all his ways.

I fancy that behind his shrewd worldly sense there was a deep stratum of sentiment. He looked upon the foibles of his fellow-men with a mild

and humorous tolerance, — upon their more serious faults with a genuine and helpful sympathy. I doubt, however, if he had sufficient charity for show and pretence.

In all his family relations he was most tender and indulgent. In political opinion a Radical, he took an ardent interest in public affairs, and gave a generous support to the government during the war. To his church he was devotedly attached and constant in its service.

In brief he was a New England man of the best sort in all his instincts and aspirations, tenderly revering his old home, grateful for his prosperity, upright, candid and true, of a clear-grained common sense, industrious, doing every day a full and worthy day's work, with no consciousness of great excellence, yet thoroughly self-respecting.

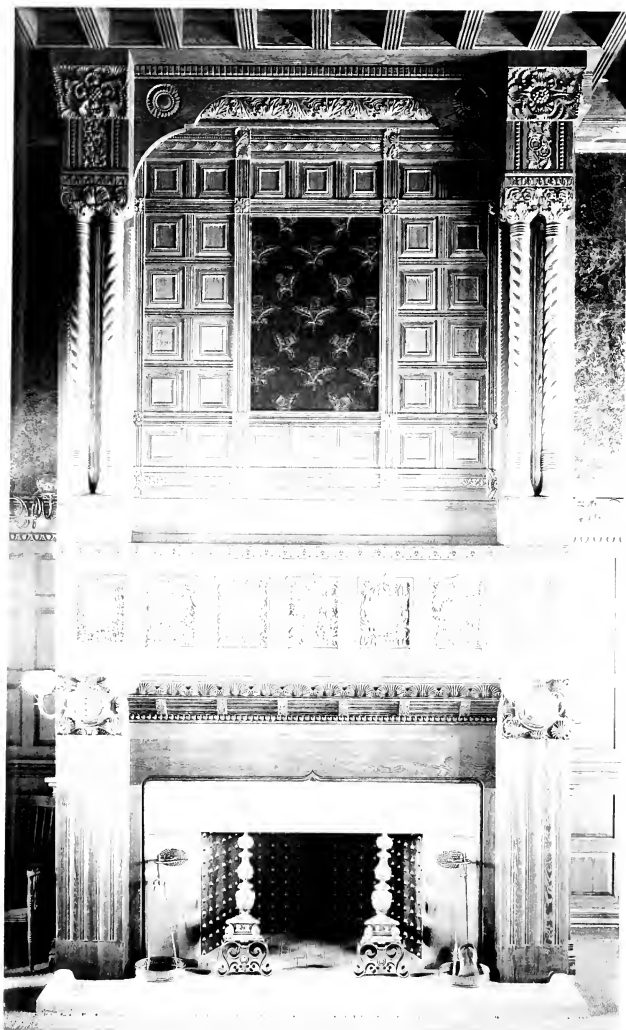
It seems to me that the lines from Wither's "Motto" may well be said in his praise : —

"I have not been ashamed to confess
My lowest fortunes, or the kindnesses
Of poorest men ; nor have I proud been made,
By any favor from a great man had.
Nor ever for preferment, made I shows
Of what I was not."

Believe me, &c.,

ALBERT B. OTIS.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr., Esq., Quincy.



THE MANTEL AND FIREPLACE.

THE CRANE MEMORIAL HALL.

ON the 20th of February, 1880, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was received by the selectmen of Quincy:—

26 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK,

Feb. 19, 1880.

To the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Quincy, Mass.

GENTLEMEN, — The family of my father, the late Thomas Crane of New York, are desirous of erecting some memorial to him. Though long a resident of New York, my father always retained a strong feeling for the town of Quincy, where his family originated and had resided for over a century, and where he himself passed the earlier portion of his life. After much deliberation, therefore, his family have thought that a memorial erected to him in Quincy would be both more appropriate than elsewhere, and most in consonance with the tender feelings and cordial interest he always manifested therefor in his lifetime, and which he constantly expressed to us. Prior to his death, in 1875, he had made annual visits to Quincy for many years, and his affection for his native place never in any degree lessened.

His family, therefore, desire to make, through you, the following proposition to the town of Quincy: they will erect an edifice to his memory, to be known as the Crane Memorial Hall, or Library, to be held in trust forever by the town, or by some corporation authorized by it, for the free use of the town as a Public Library building. On this memorial we will expend not less than twenty thousand dollars, — we to select the architect (who shall be one of standing and ability), the architectural design and the details of material and construction, — should the town, on its part, be willing to dedicate a site therefor, satisfactory to us, in some convenient and central locality. Of the few such sites that seem suitable none has so

favorably impressed us thus far as the plot of ground formerly owned by the late Dr. Ebenezer Woodward, and now in possession of his nephew, we understand. This is urged simply in the way of suggestion.

We shall be obliged if you will bring this matter to the notice of the citizens of Quincy in such a way as seems to you best, and at your earliest convenience, in order that, if this proposition be accepted, we may proceed at once to consider the necessary questions of detail and work of construction at an early day.

I remain, &c.,

ALBERT CRANE.

In consequence of this communication the following article was inserted in the warrant for the annual town-meeting, issued on the day Mr. Crane's letter was received:—

ART. 23. — To see what action the town will take on the proposition of the family of the late Thomas Crane in relation to erecting a memorial building for use as a Public Library, and to see whether the town will purchase and grade a suitable piece of ground as a site for the same.

Subsequently, at the adjourned town-meeting held on the 22d of March, the committee on the warrant, to which the above article had been referred, reported the following votes, which were passed:—

Voted, That the selectmen be instructed to notify the family of the late Thomas Crane that the town of Quincy gratefully accepts their recent munificent proposal to erect an edifice in Quincy to his memory, to be used as a Public Library building; and the town clerk is instructed to enter at large upon the town records the letter of Albert Crane, dated February 19, 1880, conveying such proposal, in connection with this vote.

Voted, That said building, when completed and conveyed in trust to the town, shall be known as the Crane Memorial Hall; the town-library shall be deposited in it, and shall be thereafter called the Thomas Crane Library.

Voted, That the selectmen and the trustees of the Public Library are hereby constituted a special committee to confer with the representatives of the Crane family, with full power on behalf of the

town to arrange all details respecting said Memorial and Library building, and to procure a suitable site for it, which shall be satisfactory to them and to the Crane family, at an expense to the town of not more than ten thousand dollars.

Voted, That the selectmen are instructed to apply forthwith to the General Court, now sitting, for an act incorporating the trustees of the Public Library, with power to receive and hold for the designated purposes the proposed hall, the land under and around it, and any other property which may be hereafter given or bequeathed to the town for Public Library purposes.

Voted, That the sum of ten thousand dollars, or so much thereof as shall be required, is hereby appropriated for the purpose of procuring a suitable site for the Crane Memorial Hall.

In accordance with the foregoing vote the Board of Selectmen, Messrs William A. Hodges, William N. Eaton and Charles H. Porter, applied to the Legislature for an act incorporating the trustees of the Public Library. The application was favorably considered by the Legislature, and, under a suspension of the rules, leave to bring in the desired act was granted. It encountered no opposition, and appears as chapter 202 of the acts of 1880. At a meeting of the trustees of the Public Library held on the 4th of May, 1880, the act of incorporation was accepted, and the new Board of Trustees of the Thomas Crane Public Library organized.

In May also, in compliance with the preference expressed in the letter of Mr. Albert Crane, the Woodward lot was purchased by the town as a site for the proposed Memorial Hall. The unexpired term for which the estate was leased was then bought up, the buildings on the premises were sold at auction, and before the close of the summer of 1880 everything was in readiness to begin building.

Mr. H. H. Richardson had meanwhile been selected by the Crane family as the architect of the proposed edifice; and, in September, after careful revision by the trustees, to whose wishes and suggestions the most considerate attention was shown throughout, the plans were approved, contracts executed, and ground broken for the foundations. These were laid before the winter brought work to an end. As a young

man Thomas Crane had been a member of the Rural Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the town of Quincy, and accordingly it was proposed that the corner-stone of the Memorial Hall should be formally laid with the ceremonies of the Masonic order. This was done on the 22d of February, 1881. The day was exceptionally fine, several inches of snow having fallen on the 21st, and the streets of the town were alive with sleighs. The sky was clear, the temperature moderate, and there was no wind. The South Shore Commandery of Grand Templars arrived at about one o'clock, and at half-past two the procession formed on Hancock Street, in front of the hall of Rural Lodge, and, marching thence down Hancock Street to Adams, countermarched to the site of the Memorial Hall, on Washington Street. The corner-stone was then laid. There were present on this occasion two members of the Rural Lodge, Messrs. Josiah Baxter, of Quincy, and Charles Beck, of Milton, who had joined the order in 1825, the same year in which Thomas Crane joined it. After the exercises at the Library Building the procession reformed and marched back to the Masonic Hall, where the South Shore Commandery, the Trustees of the Public Library and others were entertained by the Rural Lodge at a collation.

It had been intended to dedicate the hall on the 18th of October, 1881, the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Crane. The original plan of the building, however, had undergone considerable development while the work of construction was going on, and, as the time approached, it became apparent that the building would not be then completed. The ceremony of dedication was consequently postponed, and fixed to take place on Decoration Day, in the succeeding spring. At the annual town-meeting in March, 1882, an appropriation was made to meet the expenses of the day, and the arrangement of details was referred to a committee consisting of the Selectmen, Messrs. G. H. Field, C. A. Spear and E. A. Perkins, and the Trustees of the Thomas Crane Library, Messrs. C. F. Adams, Jr., Henry Barker, L. W. Anderson, C. A. Foster, H. A. Keith and F. A. Clafin. The family of Mr. Crane had some months before formally inti-

mated a wish, through the Board of Selectmen, that Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., should be invited to prepare a memorial address for the occasion, which invitation had been accepted.

There was more delay in completing the work on the hall than had been anticipated, owing to the elaborate finish of the interior; and the grading and planting the grounds not only proved a heavier and more expensive work than it was supposed it would be, but it was delayed by a long continuance of wet, cold weather. The spring, indeed, was so backward that on Decoration Day, May 30, the lilacs were not yet in bloom.

Both within and without the building work was being pushed actively forward until the evening of the day preceding the dedication. On the morning of the 30th, however, everything was in readiness. The weather was most favorable. The foliage, after the recent heavy rains, was hardly out, but leaves and blossoms were fresh and young, the streets were free from dust, and the day was clear and cool, with a light westerly wind. Mrs. Crane and her sons with their party, consisting of two gentlemen and three ladies, had come on from their home at Stamford, Connecticut, on the 29th, and passed Monday night at the Hotel Vendome in Boston. They arrived at Quincy by the train which left Boston at 8.15 Tuesday morning, and were met at the station by the chief marshal of the day, Colonel A. B. Packard, and a committee, and taken immediately to the Memorial Hall.

The committee in charge had, after full consideration, decided to make the dedication a purely Quincy affair, and a very simple one. It was to consist of a reception at the Hall by the Crane family, and dedicatory exercises in the Stone Church; while the Masonic bodies again kindly gave their aid to lend impressiveness to the occasion. No formal invitations to be present had been sent to official or well-known personages living outside the town, and the occasion depended for its success on the desire, which was known to exist among the people of Quincy generally, to personally indicate to Mrs. Crane and her sons their sense of the benefaction conferred upon the town.

The reception began at nine o'clock, and was the distinguishing feature of the day. The interior of the building had during the morning been most tastefully decorated with plants and flowers, and its effect was very striking and attractive. In the centre of the inner hall, between the alcoves, was a large portrait of Mr. Crane, adorned with smilax and flowers. Behind this, and at the rear of the hall, were Mrs. Crane and her two sons, with Mrs. B. B. Newcome, Mr. Crane's sister, near them. Mr. C. A. Foster, on behalf of the committee, introduced the ladies and gentlemen as they passed by. The attendance at the reception was very general, and the kindly feeling, which universally prevailed, made it to Mrs. Crane and her sons a gratifying and even a touching occasion. Many cotemporaries and schoolmates of Mr. Crane were present, and their friendly words as they passed by were peculiarly gratifying, especially to Mrs. Crane, who subsequently took occasion to make her sense of it known. The affair was purely informal. There was no attempt at parade, and little ceremony; the interior of the building, though well filled, was at no time unpleasantly crowded, and the courtesy and consideration shown was marked and general.

While the reception was taking place in the Memorial Hall, the Chief Marshal of the day, Colonel A. B. Packard, with the assistance of his aids, Messrs. C. A. Howland, W. G. A. Pattee, E. P. Waterhouse, J. H. Dee, W. H. H. Rideout, J. O. Holden, H. M. Federhen and J. E. Burns, formed the procession on Hancock Street, and it was set in motion at about ten o'clock, in the following order:—

Police.

City Band of Boston, 27 pieces.

Chief Marshal, Colonel A. B. Packard.

Aids.

South Shore Commandery, K. T.,

E. C. W. S. Wallace, 92 men.

Rural Lodge of F. and A. Masons,

W. M. Fred. Jones, 129 men.

Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, of Massachusetts,

M. W. G. M. Samuel C. Lawrence.

Co. D, Independent Fusileers of Boston,
 Captain Snow, 63 men.
 Paul Revere Post 88, G. A. R.,
 I. M. Holt, Commander, 60 men.
 Town Officers.
 Orator, Clergy and Invited Guests.
 Union Band of Quincy.
 Fire Department,
 John W. Hall, Chief Engineer, 155 men.
 Clan McGregor,
 George Farquharson, Chieftain, 46 men.

The procession moved through Hancock, Elm and Washington streets to the Memorial Hall, on the steps and in the portal of which the Masonic ceremonies took place. The following officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts were present, and had formed part of the procession under escort of Company D. Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, Captain Snow, who had considerably offered their services for the occasion, as, later in the day, they were to do escort duty in the decoration exercises.

M. W. SAMUEL CROCKER LAWRENCE Grand Master.
 R. W. EDWIN WRIGHT Deputy Grand Master.
 “ WILLIAM BAESON Senior Grand Warden.
 “ CHARLES C. SPELLMAN Junior Grand Warden.
 “ WYZEMAN MARSHALL as Grand Treasurer.
 “ SERENO D. NICKERSON Recording Grand Secretary.
 “ WILLIAM H. H. SOULE D.D.G. Master, Dist. No. 3.
 W. REV. CHARLES H. LEONARD, D.D., Grand Chaplain.
 “ FREDERICK D. ELY Grand Marshal.
 “ CHARLES W. SLACK Senior Grand Deacon.
 “ CHARLES HARRIS Junior Grand Deacon.
 “ WILLIAM T. R. MARVIN Senior Grand Steward.
 “ GEORGE H. RHODES, } Junior Grand Stewards.
 “ JAMES MILLS }
 “ JOHN L. STEVENSON Grand Sword-Bearer.
 “ Z. L. BICKNELL Grand Standard-Bearer.
 “ DARIUS A. GREEN } Grand Pursuivants.
 “ JAMES M. GLEASON }
 “ HENRY J. PARKER Grand Tyler.

PERMANENT MEMBERS PRESENT :

R. W. WILLIAM D. COOLIDGE . . .	Past Grand Master.
“ ABRAHAM H. HOWLAND, JR. .	Past Deputy Grand Master.
“ HENRY ENDICOTT	Past Grand Warden.
“ EDWARD AVERY	“ “ “
“ HENRY G. FAY	“ “ “

Sir William H. Kent, R. E. Grand Commander, and Sir Charles C. Hutchinson, E. Captain-General, of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, added dignity to the occasion by joining in the escort.

Order being secured, W. Fred. L. Jones, Master of Rural Lodge, announced to the M.W. Grand Master that all necessary preparations had been made, and the Brethren now waited his pleasure. The Weber Quartette opened the exercises by singing the following

ANTHEM.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Should'st lead me on :

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone.

And, with the morn, those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The Architect, Mr. RICHARDSON, then addressed the Grand Master, stating that the labors of the operative workmen had at length reached a conclusion, — that the building was

now ready for the use and occupation of those for whose benefit it had been planned and completed with such munificent liberality. It only remained to consecrate it to the service for which it was designed, by the mystic rites of that Ancient and Honorable Fraternity to whom, from time immemorial, such duties have been assigned. Thanking the Grand Master for the promptness with which he had responded to the request of the Committee of Arrangements, the Architect invited him to proceed with the ceremony of dedication.

The M.W. GRAND MASTER replied as follows :—

Agreeably to the request of the Trustees, and following the practice of Master Masons, who in ancient times designed, constructed and dedicated public buildings to be used for the purposes of charity, education, art and religion, we will now with pleasure proceed to dedicate this Memorial Hall in accordance with the olden customs of the Masonic Craft.

Who can forecast the influence for good that will flow from the establishment of this Public Library Building, in fostering the intelligence and morality of this community—an influence limited neither to age, sex, condition nor time !

In consecrating a work of such interest and importance let us, according to the usual Masonic custom, unite with our Grand Chaplain in invoking the blessing of Deity.

The Rev. CHARLES H. LEONARD, D.D., offered the

OPENING PRAYER.

God be merciful unto us and bless us ; and cause His face to shine upon us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. We thank Thee for this day which thou hast given us, for this circumstance of our lives, and for the occasion which has called us together. We beseech Thee to grant unto us the consenting mind and the consenting heart. Mercifully with Thy favor bless us, and all the services and ceremonies of this hour, and so direct us by Thy good Spirit that all that we do at this present may be done in view, not only of our need and the good of this people, but to Thy honor. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. *Amen.*

The ceremony of dedication then proceeded as follows :—

GRAND MASTER. Worshipful Brother Grand Marshal, have you distributed the implements of Operative Masonry to the proper officers for the requisite examination of the building?

GRAND MARSHAL. I have, Most Worshipful, and the examination has been made.

GRAND MASTER. Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, what is the proper jewel of your office?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. The Square.

GRAND MASTER. Have you applied the Square?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER. I have, Most Worshipful, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER. Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. The Level.

GRAND MASTER. Have you applied the Level?

SENIOR GRAND WARDEN. I have, Most Worshipful, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER. Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. The Plumb.

GRAND MASTER. Have you applied the Plumb?

JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN. I have, Most Worshipful, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

The GRAND MASTER, striking the wall of the building three times with the gavel, said :—

Found square, level and plumb, — well made, well proved, true and trusty, — built with good skill and for noble ends. The Public Library Building, Thomas Crane Memorial Hall, has been erected by the Craftsmen in accordance with the fundamental rules of the Masonic Fraternity: with Wisdom in its design, Strength in its construction, and Beauty in its completion.

The GRAND MARSHAL presented the vessel of Corn to the JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN who poured the Corn, saying :—

Corn is the emblem of nourishment. May this community receive out of this building, more and more abundantly, that wisdom which shall nourish and culture their souls to every good and perfect *work, word and thought*.

The following was then sung by the Weber Quartette :—

Thou of light the great creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scatter all the night of nature,
 Pour the day upon our eyes.
 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every meek and contrite heart.

The GRAND MARSHAL presented the cup of Wine to the SENIOR GRAND WARDEN, who poured the Wine, saying :—

Libations of Wine were employed in ancient consecrations as types of refreshment. May the learning, literature and song that shall be gathered within these walls refresh and invigorate the virtues of this people till they shall have favor with God.

The following was then sung by the Weber Quartette :—

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven !
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

The GRAND MARSHAL presented the cup of Oil to the DEPUTY GRAND MASTER, who poured the Oil, saying :—

Oil is the symbol of joy and gladness. May this noble memorial edifice be to all the citizens of this town as a fountain of wisdom, inspiring them with a love of righteousness, so that it may be said of them, as of those in olden time, “therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”

The Weber Quartette followed with this

CHANT.

Arise! Shine! for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
Lift up thine eyes around about thee and see :
All they gather themselves together,
They come to thee. Our gates shall be open continually;
They shall not shut day nor night ;
But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light,
And thy God, thy glory. *Amen.*

The GRAND CHAPLAIN offered the following invocation and prayer of consecration : —

INVOCATION.

May Corn, Wine and Oil, and all the necessities of life, abound among men throughout the world ; and that this building may long stand a fit memorial of virtue, and a centre of fruitful influence, let us pray.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

O God, our wisdom and our strength, in Whom alone all our works are rightly begun and worthily ended, grant Thy presence now that we come to give to Thee this house which our hands have builded, and beseech Thee to bless it to the great uses of human enlightenment. We rejoice in the strength and beauty of the completed structure, — that according to the plan of designer and the skill of workmen, without hurt or hindrance, the good work has gone on to these results and to this auspicious day.

We bless Thee for that wise beneficence whose large and loving wish has been so carried out by filial faithfulness and affection. We thank Thee for this fit offering of children to the memory of a father, and that henceforward it will stand the monument alike of his foresight and generosity, and of their grateful love. We beseech Thee to accept this gift of their hearts in the name of what is most strong in duty and most tender in affection, and for the sake of a life lived in the full measure and meaning of simple truth and quiet goodness.

Hear our prayer, O Thou who dost give direction to all thought and action, to the end that this structure may be consecrated in

honor of that measureless spirit of knowledge and learning which here will invite the faculties of the humblest child, and in memory of the world's great teachers, the prophets and apostles of truth and right in all ages, whose wisdom has been embodied for our reading, and bequeathed to us in good books. Here, in glad procession, year after year, generation by generation, may the young come as to a living spring and freely drink. Here may maturity find the rich treasures which are yielded to man's most studious hours,—the stimulus of noble minds, and the unfailing delight of contact with gifted souls. Here may age find solace, in communion through the printed page, with friends unseen, and yet long known and deeply loved,—the sustaining tranquillity of life's ripening days.

God of our fathers, we beseech Thee to bless this people, the inhabitants of this ancient town, who this day accept this building and all its belongings as their entrusted care. In view of a history made illustrious by revered names of statesmen and scholars, in view of a great inheritance of piety and patriotism, of mighty faith and loyal sacrifice, may they, the worthy sons and daughters of a worthy history, of ancestral privilege and incentive, worthily praise Thee, honoring Thy name, Thy ways in the past, and Thy present faithfulness, in that Thou dost bless them this day in abundant good, and in this most gracious promise of favor for themselves and those who will come after them.

O Thou who hast been favorable unto our land and brought it through many and great distresses, we would remember before Thee, on this anniversary day, that our special rejoicings are blended with the nation's larger gratitude towards her princely sons and heroes. Help us, therefore, to rise to some ampler view of our relations and our duties, so that, while we dedicate this house to Thee and the best uses and capabilities of the advancing years, we may give ourselves anew to Thee in a more intelligent citizenship, and a wiser devotion to public and private good.

O God, hear these our supplications and thanksgivings, and so bless us that we shall be shaped as living stones, at the last to be fitted and built into Thy spiritual temple; and unto Thy great name be glory and honor and power,—through Jesus Christ, forever.
Amen.

The M. W. GRAND MASTER delivered the following address:—

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER, SAMUEL CROCKER
LAWRENCE.

In compliance with the official invitation extended to the Grand Lodge of Masons of Massachusetts, we have come here to dedicate this building to the noble uses for which it has been erected. Although the Grand Lodge has from time to time, in conformity with the ancient usages of our Fraternity, dedicated many of the great public edifices of the Commonwealth, designed for the use of the State, and for religious, charitable and monumental purposes, I am not aware that its services have ever been called into requisition in the dedication of a building of this character. If such be the fact, I feel no hesitation in establishing a precedent which is in entire harmony with the spirit and aims of our Institution in originating and maintaining this ancient ceremonial of dedication ; and the Grand Lodge has found it a grateful duty to lend its presence, through its official representatives, to assist in doing honor to this interesting occasion.

We fully recognize the claim which this historic town has upon the respect and gratitude of every American citizen. She has, from generation to generation, been the happy mother of sons to whom the graces of high intellect and public virtue have been heritable, and the brightest pages of our national annals are illuminated with their names.

“To save the State, to mould the fate
Of empire o’er these broadening lands, —
What nobler task could Honor ask
For faithful hearts, for trusty hands ?”

As the representatives of an institution, in which, from pre-Revolutionary times to the present, patriotism and loyalty have been traditional, we may well feel an interest in every evidence of progress and prosperity in this typical New England municipality. And we may say, too, that our presence here as members of the great Masonic Fraternity, invited to lend the sanction of its rites to the dedication of this building, is not without its significance and its moral. Scarcely half a century has elapsed since a storm of popular odium and suspicion beat against the institution we represent. Many eminent men, honestly misapprehending the character and purposes of Masonry, engaged in the warfare against it, and one of the most distinguished leaders was a venerable and

venerated citizen of Quincy. While we recall these facts simply as interesting incidents of history, and without the slightest shadow of displeasure or resentment, I may be allowed to give public expression to the gratification with which the Fraternity regards the great and salutary change which has come over public sentiment, consequent upon the better understanding of the nature and objects of the Masonic institution. The kindly spirit which pervades the Brotherhood, the benign social and moral influences which emanate from it, and the high respectability of its growing membership, are now universally recognized, and the public has ceased to dread indefinable dangers from the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

It is proper that we should take part in the celebration of this event, — the completion of an enterprise which owed its conception to the generous public spirit of a member of our order, and which the faithful affection of his family has brought to a successful conclusion. We heartily congratulate the people of Quincy that they have come into possession of such an inheritance. Here they will have a fitting depository for the wisdom of all ages, as it is made imperishable in books. The value of a well-selected library, open to the use of all the people, cannot be adequately measured. While it is of the greatest utility as an adjunct to our system of popular education, it does something more than to fit men to grapple successfully with the practical work of life, so far as the ends and aims are purely material. It is the great instrument for training men to those habits of intelligent inquiry and reflection which bring them to an acquaintance with the principles which underlie the science of life, without which we have no safe guidance, and are fit only to become the dupes of sophists, charlatans and demagogues. It is the instrument also for purifying the imagination and refining the aspirations of the soul, until man becomes not only filled with wisdom and clothed with strength, but crowned with moral beauty. We cannot too profoundly recognize this fact, the commonplace statement of which is in danger of becoming tiresome to the public ear, — that a republic founded upon intelligence and virtue is an ideally perfect government, but that without such a basis it is a delusion and a mockery.

Therefore while we felicitate the people of Quincy upon the possession of this noble edifice, and the library which it will contain, it is our fervent prayer that the full advantages which can be derived from such an institution may inure to this community. I beg

you to call to mind the words of the philosopher whose recent death we justly regard as a national calamity.

"Consider," says Emerson, "what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age."

Approach, then, this temple, dedicated to the intellectual and moral improvement of man, with gratitude for the inestimable privileges it generously offers to the poorest citizen among you. In the serene atmosphere of study and contemplation may your souls be penetrated with the lessons of wisdom and virtue which the sages of all times have left for your guidance and instruction; and under such gracious influences may you be trained to habits of right thinking and right living, to social kindness and brotherly love, to a philanthropy which shall be as broad as humanity itself, and to all the virtues which exalt the standard of a true American citizenship.

The GRAND MARSHAL made the following

PROCLAMATION.

In the name of the M.W. Grand Lodge of Masons in Massachusetts, I now proclaim that Crane Memorial Hall, a public library building, erected at the desire and from the wealth of Thomas Crane, a venerated Masonic Brother, with the free and generous consent of his family, has this day been found square, level and plumb, true and trusty, and has been consecrated according to the ancient forms of the Masonic Craft. This proclamation is made from the East, the West, the South: *once* [trumpet], *twice* [trumpet twice], *thrice* [trumpet thrice]. All interested will take due notice thereof.

The GRAND CHAPLAIN offered the

CLOSING PRAYER.

O God, Thou who art the source and the consummation of our life, the beginning and the end of all our undertakings, vouchsafe

to us now Thy divine benediction. Accept and bless our offerings. Preserve to us the memory of this hour. Cheer us more and more by the promise of increasing good to flow from widespread schools and all institutions established to promote the common good. Forbid that we should ever be unfaithful to our opportunities ; but may such devotion mark our history that a manifold intelligence and righteousness shall prevail throughout all our borders ; that so Thy kingdom may come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. *Amen.*

At the conclusion of the ceremonies of dedication the column was again formed and marched to the junction of Adams and Hancock streets, where it was countermarched and returned to the Stone Church. This, though the largest public building in seating-capacity in the town, was too small to well accommodate all who desired to listen to the dedicatory exercises. Mrs. Crane and her party occupied pews on the left-hand side of the central aisle ; opposite to her, and in his own pew, was the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, with Mrs. Adams and members of their family.

The exercises in the church occupied almost exactly one hour. They were opened by the singing by the Weber Quartette of the following :—

Hear our prayer ; grant us Thy peace we pray ;
Guard, oh guard us, Lord, guard us by night and day ;
In Thee, O Lord, we place our trust,
Thou who art merciful and just.
Bend from Thy throne on high ;
Hear, oh hear our prayer, oh hear our prayer.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. EDWARD NORTON, pastor of the Congregational Church of Quincy. The following was then chanted by the Weber Quartette :—

CHANT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain :

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders shall cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail : because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets :

Or ever the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl is broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

In accordance with the programme the Chief Marshal, who, together with Mr. Albert Crane, and Messrs. Adams and Foster of the trustees, occupied a small platform in front of the pulpit, then introduced Mr. Crane, as the representative of his father's family, who presented to Mr. Adams, as chairman of the trustees, the key of the Memorial Hall. In doing so he spoke as follows :—

*Mr. Chairman and Trustees of the Thomas Crane Public Library,
Ladies and Gentlemen :—*

In behalf of the family of the late Thomas Crane, I have the honor to say that the Library is finished, and that we have come here to-day to dedicate and formally transfer it to the town of Quincy, as a memorial of my father. We have been especially gratified by the prompt acceptance of our proposition to build, by the generous unification of all your collections of books with the structure which will now preserve them, and the co-operation of the committee throughout. And now that the structure is ready for occupancy and use, I hereby formally deliver to you, as Trustees of the Thomas Crane Public Library, and as authorized to accept it, — by this key as a symbol of control and ownership, — to have and keep forever for the purposes specified in the act of incorporation, the full possession of this building, tenderly consecrated to the memory of Thomas Crane, by the affections of his family, and doubly consecrated in their hearts by the generous sympathy of the citizens of his native town.

To these words Mr. Adams, in receiving the key, responded as follows :—

On behalf of the Board of Trustees of the Thomas Crane Library of Quincy, it devolves upon me to accept from you, Sir, as representing the family of your late father, the transfer of the Crane Memorial Hall. In doing so I am sure I voice the common sentiment of all the inhabitants of Quincy when I say that this noble benefaction comes to us under circumstances making it peculiarly grateful. Quincy has heretofore not been unaccustomed to receive benefactions at the hands of her children. They have, however, come to her from those who have remained her children to the end,—a part of the common family, as it were. In the present case this is not so. Your father left this town, his native place, more than half a century ago, and never again became a resident in it. His children were born in another State, and no ties ever bound them to Quincy. When, however, you looked about for a place where you should erect a memorial to him, you chose this his native town.

The Crane Memorial Hall, therefore, must always have a double significance,—a significance to us as well as to you. As a monument of conjugal and filial devotion it will not fail in its purpose. To us of Quincy, however, it is more than that. It is a standing reminder of that affection,—that strong bond of feeling which those who have gone forth from New England, from Massachusetts and from Quincy still retain for their native place. It comes to us as a gift unexpected and from afar. It will be prized and preserved accordingly.

On behalf of the Trustees of the Library, on behalf of the people of Quincy, who, one and all, will profit by the gift, I accept the transfer.

At the close of his response, Mr. Adams resumed his seat. After a brief pause he rose again and proceeded to deliver the Memorial Address. He spoke without notes, and, as the exercises in the church had begun later than was intended, the Address was in delivery much compressed, occupying but a few minutes over half an hour. It was listened to with profound attention, and at the close was warmly applauded.

When Mr. Adams closed and had resumed his seat, the following was chanted by the Weber Quartette :—

Though long years have passed away,
 And joyous summer left me,
 Though autumn sings her plaintive lay,
 Yet art thou still dear to me.
 Though far away, thy voice is ever near to me,
 Absence but makes thee dearer to me ;
 No time can change my love for thee.

A Benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. D. M. WILSON, pastor of the church, and the public dedicatory exercises were brought to a close. The audience was dismissed at half-past twelve o'clock.

Later a collation was furnished the fire department at the church building on Hancock Street, which had the day before been vacated by the Library officials ; the members of the Grand Army dined at their hall ; and the Masonic Lodges marched to Faxon Hall, on Canal Street, where they partook of an entertainment. Immediately after the exercises at the church Mrs. Crane and her party were driven to the residence of Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., whose guests they were during the remainder of the day. They returned to Boston in the afternoon, and to Stamford the next morning.



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LIBRARY BINDING

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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